

# DARK DAYS

BY HUGH CONWAY.

Author of "Called Back."

of justice. He is innocent, and will come from the ordeal unscathed. If found guilty, let him die. He will not be the first innocent man who has died, nor will he be the last to die. It is but one more. Come what may, you will always have your sunny home and the woman you love. Her children will grow up around you. Why hesitate? A life's happiness is to be won by simply making your life. Its cost is but, supposing Justice blunders, to bear the burden of one man's death. A paltry price!

This was the temptation with which I wrestled during those long hours. Again and again I was on the point of yielding. Once or twice I rose, took my foot with the fixed determination of destroying that paper, and letting things take their own course. Once or twice I even forced my steps some distance in the direction of home, but each time I turned, went back to the sheltered spot, threw myself again on the ground, and fought the battle anew.

No, I could not do this thing. I was a gentleman and a man of honor. Paltry as the price was when compared with what it might buy, I could not pay it. Although my whole soul was merged in Philippa's welfare, I could not, even for her sake, suffer an innocent man to be done unjustly to death. The crime was too black, too base, too contemptible! I felt sure that with the man's blood morally on my head, the supreme joys which life could give would not lull my conscience to rest. I knew it would not be long before remorse and shame drove me to commit suicide.

Let the preacher say that sin is easy; that wrong is more alluring than right. There may be some sins which are easily committed, but I dare to say that there are others which the average man, educated by the code of honor, and dreading shame and cowardice, finds it far easier to avoid than to bring himself to commit. No, every sin is not easy!

But all the same my struggle was a mortal one. At times I fancy—it may be but fancy—that even now my mind bears some traces of that conflict; a conflict in which every victory meant ruin to my nearest and dearest. Was I not right when I said that my temptation was an all but unparalleled one? Yet in resenting this I am humbly disclaim all credit for not having yielded. I strove to yield, but could not.

It was only when I had conquered and put the temptation from me that I was able to see how utterly useless such a crime as that urged upon me would have been. Doubtless Philippa, sooner or later, would have learned that Sir Mervyn Ferrand's supposed murder had paid the penalty of the crime. How would it have fared with us then—then, when reparation was placed out of the question? Knowing as I did every thought of my wife's every turn of her impulsive, sensitive nature, I was fain to tell myself that such news would be simply her death blow.

But what was to be done? Finding that I could not compass the treachery which I deemed to meditate, I cast about for other means of escape. What if I were to return to England and accuse myself of the crime? To insure Philippa's safety I would willingly give away my own life. It showed the state to which my mind was reduced when I say that I considered this scheme in all its bearings, and for a while thought it furnished a solution to my difficult situation. I wonder if my brain was wandering!

I laughed in bitter merriment at the absurdity of my new plan forced itself upon me. I had forgotten Philippa, and what the effect of such a sacrifice would be upon her. I had forgotten that she loved me, and that I loved her; that my dying for her sake—for the sake of saving her from the consequences of that gruesome night—would make an expiation, if any were due from me, the most fearful which human or diabolical ingenuity could devise.

No! Neither by stanning against my fellow-man nor by a voluntary sacrifice of my own life could I save her. After all my protracted mental struggles, all my lonely hours of anguish and wild scheming, I was forced to return to the point from which I started. Philippa must surrender herself, and free this innocent man. There was, indeed, no alternative!

And a day gone, or all but gone! The trial on the 20th! To reach England in time to reach the trial, to escape that trial, we must travel day and night. Day and night across sunny or starlit Spain—across pleasant France—we must speed on, until we reached our own native land, now lying in all the rich calm of the early autumn. I must lead my wife, my dear, my dear Philippa, to my death, and free this innocent man. There was, indeed, no alternative!

I rose from the ground. I felt weary, and as if I had been engulfed in every limb. I dragged myself slowly back to my home. "She must be told; she must be told. But how to tell her? I muttered as I went along. My appearance must have been wretched. For I received the impression that several grave-looking Sevillans turned and looked after me as I passed by. Even as a cowardly felon who drags himself slowly to the scaffold I dragged myself to the gate of my pleasant home, and on tottering legs I entered that fragrant space in which the happiest hours of my life had been spent.

As I entered, the remembrance of some tale which once I had read flashed through my mind—a tale of the ferocity of a bygone age. It was of a prisoner who was forced by his captors to strike a dagger into the heart of the woman he loved. I knew not where the tale is to be found or where I read it.

But it seemed to me that mine was a parallel case.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### THE LAST HOPE.

They were sitting in the courtyard, my mother and my wife. They looked the embodiment of serene happiness. Their large fans—the use of the fan came like an inspiration to Philippa, my mother acquired it after much practice—were languidly waving to and fro. Philippa's rounded arm was outstretched; her fair hair was in the clear water which fell from the fountain and filled a white marble basin, in which the gold carp darted about in erratic tracks. She was moving her fingers gently backward and forward, starting the little fish, and half smiling at their terror. It seemed to me that my mother was remarking at the upper end she was creating in the brilliant coated republic.

That picture is still in my mind. That picture! I can sit now in my chair, lay down my pen, and call up every picture of that time. Nothing save the grief has ever, or ever will, fade from my memory.

It was well for both of us that I had fought out the battle with myself in solitude, where no one could see me, where I could see no one. Even as it was, knowing what a change my news must work, I paused, and a ghost of the day's temptation rose before me. But it rose too late. The die was cast. Philippa had seen me, and my mother's eyes followed her. I brooded myself up and went towards them with a jaunty air as if I could assume. My mother began a mock tirade on my shameful desertion of Philippa and herself. Her words carried no meaning to my ears. My eyes met those of my wife.

With her I made no attempt at concealment. Where was the good? The worst, the very worst had come. My eyes must have told her the truth.

I saw her sweet face catch fire with alarm. I saw her lips quiver. I saw the look of anguish flash into her eyes; yet I knew that it was helpless, utterly helpless.

She rose. I made no conventional excuse and went to my room. In a moment Philippa was at my side.

"Basil, husband, love," she whispered, "it has come!"

I laid my head on the table and sobbed aloud. Philippa's arms were wreathed around my neck.

"Dearest, I knew it must come. I have known it ever so long. Basil, do not weep."

Once more, I tell you I am not worth such love as yours."



"Basil, do not weep. Once more, I tell you, I am not worth such love as yours."

I covered her dear face with kisses. I strided up to her heart. I lavished words of love upon her. She smiled faintly, then sighed hopelessly—a sigh which almost broke my heart.

"Tell me all, my love," she said calmly. "Let me know the very worst." "I could not speak; for the life of me the words would not come. With trembling hands I drew out the newspaper and pointed to the fatal lines. She read them with a calm which almost alarmed me.

"I knew it must be," was all she said. I threw myself on my knees before her. I embraced her. I was half distraught. Save for my wild ejaculations of undying love there was silence for many minutes between us.

Presently, with great force, she raised my head and looked at me with her sweet and sorrowful eyes.

"Basil, my dearest, you have been wrong. The right is right, the wrong is wrong. See that you have done! Had you not striven to save me, only I should have had to answer for this. Now it is you and me, and perhaps a third—an innocent, stainless life, that will be wrecked!"

"Spare me! Spare me!" I said. "As you love me, spare me!" "Dearest, forgive me. I should not blame you. Only I am to blame." Then, with a sudden change in her voice, "When do we start for England, Basil?"

Although I expected this question, I trembled and shuddered as I heard it. Too well I knew what England meant. Philippa's standing in open court, in a prisoner's dock, the centre of a gaping crowd, self-accused of the murder of her husband! And as I pictured this once more, and for the last time, the temptation shook me.

I spoke, but my eyes from hers. I could not meet them. My voice was husky and strange; it sounded like the voice of another man. A sort of undercurrent of thought ran through me, that if Philippa would but share it, I could bear any burden, any labor.

"Listen!" I said, in quick accents. "We are far away, safe. We love each other. We can be happy. Let the man take his chance. What does anything matter, so long as we love and are together?"

She kissed me. Her eyes were seeking mine. I felt a change in the clasp of her hand. I knew that she was nobler and better than I. "Basil," she said, softly, and speaking like one in a dream, "it was not my husband, not the man I love, who said that. I fought for you for the sake of your great love, for the sake of all you have done, or tried to do, for me. Tell me now, when do we start for England?"

Her words brought back my senses. Never in the wildest height of my passion had I loved Philippa as I loved her at that moment. I besought her pardon. She gave it, and once more repeated her question.

With the calm of settled despair I consulted the railway-guide, and found that if we left Seville to-morrow morning, by the first train, we might, by traveling day and night, early on the morning of the twentieth reach the town in which the trial was to be held. I made the result of my researches known to my wife; and upon my assuring her that we should have time to make and left all the arrangements of the journey to me.

After this, another painful question arose. Was my mother to be told? Philippa, who may, perhaps, in her secret heart have craved for a woman's support and sympathy in her approaching trial, at first insisted that my mother should be taken into our confidence—a confidence which, alas! in a few days' time would be gossip to the world. I brought her to waive the point, to spare my mother's feelings until the very last moment. We could not take her with us on our hurried journey. We were young; she was old. The fatigue, combined with the grief, would be more than her frame could endure. I could not bear to think of her waiting lonely in Seville for the day when she came to meet me in a day or two from England. Let us say nothing respecting the wretched errand on which we are bound. Let us depart in secret, and leave some plausible explanation behind us.

To my relief, Philippa at last consented to this. Then, after a long tearful embrace, we teemed ourselves to join my mother at the evening meal, and to bear ourselves so that she should suspect nothing of the tempest within our hearts. We did not very long subject ourselves to this strain upon our nerves. It seemed to me now that every minute spent otherwise than alone with my wife was a precious treasure wasted, a loss which I should forever regret. So very early we pleaded fatigue, and retired to our rest.

Philippa bade my mother good night with an embrace so long and passionate that I feared it would awaken alarm, especially when it was succeeded by my own veiled, but scarcely less emotional, adieu. For who could say that we should ever meet again? I do not believe I struck Philippa that in conveying her I was running the slightest risk. Had she thought so, she would have insisted upon going along. But I knew that the part I had played in that night's work would probably bring a severe punishment upon my own head. What did I care for that?

Silently and sadly in the retirement of our room we made our preparations for the journey, which began with the morn. There was no need to cumber ourselves with much luggage. We noted that in the morning the trial was over. What resting-places might be for Philippa, Heaven only knew! So our package was soon completed.

Then I wrote a letter, to be given to or found by my mother in the morning. I told her that my important matter took me post-haste to England; that Philippa had determined to accompany me; that I would write as soon as we reached London. I gave no further explanation. I hoped she would attribute my sudden flight to the erratic nature which she often ascribed to me.

After all, the deception mattered little. In a week's time nothing would matter. Grief, overwhelming grief, would be my portion; a portion which, by her affection for me and for Philippa, my poor mother would be forced to share.

All being now ready for our start, we strove to win some hours of sleep. Our efforts were mocked to scorn. Through that, the last night we could spend together, I believe neither my wife nor myself closed our eyes. Let me draw a veil over my wretchedness and Philippa's calm acquiescence in her fate. Some grief is too sacred to describe.

Morning! Bright, broad, clear, cool, odoriferous morning! Our sleeplessness had at last spared us the anguish of waking, and, while for a moment glorying in the beauty of the world, to remember what this morning meant to us. Giving ourselves ample time to reach the railway station, we crept from our room, and with eyes full of blindness, crept the pleasant path.

I passed in the centre, and plunging a lovely spray from the great orange tree, kissed it and gave it to my wife. Without a word she placed it in the bosom of her dress. As she drew her mantle aside to do so, for the first time I noticed that the work of the dress which clad her on that fatal night, although it was utterly unsuited to the almost tropical heat through which we should have to travel, I dared not remonstrate with her. Now, of all times, her slightest wish should be my law.

Naturally I undid the massive studded wooden gate, which at night time closed the entrance to the patio. Unseen, we stepped into the shady, narrow street. Luggage was light. I could carry it with ease to the station, which was only a short distance off. We were there only too soon.

We had to wait some time ere the train, which, following the example of the Spaniard, declines on any consideration to be hurried, made its appearance. We took our seats in silence. At last the dignified train condescended to move onward. We sat side by side, and gazed and gazed in the direction of the beautiful city from which we were flying; gazed until we saw the very last of it, until even the great towering Giralda was lost to view. Then, and only then, I think we fully realized to what end we were speeding.

The next three days and nights seem now little more to me than a whirling dream. On each one I should not work out our fate, over the same ground which I had traversed, with scarcely less agitated feelings, some months ago. I ground my teeth when I thought how little my strenuous and seemingly successful efforts had availed. Now, because the law compelled; not by the exercise of force; but simply on account of the great dictum of right and wrong, we were, of our own accord, retracing our steps to the danger from which we had fled. Oh, bitter irony of destiny!

What was money to me now! Nothing but so much dust! It could do one thing, only one, that gold which I lavished so freely on that journey. It could assist Philippa and I might even do it. It could give us privacy for the time that journey lasted, that was all!

Yet although alone, we spoke but little. Our thoughts were not such as can be expressed by words. Her hand in mine, her head on my shoulder—dealing when we could sleep, waking and looking into each other's faces—knowing that every mile of sunny or starlit country over which we passed brought us nearer to the end. Ah! I understood then how it is that lovers who are menaced by some great sorrow, or themselves, and die smiling in each other's arms! We might have done so; but our deaths would have left to perish that stranger whom we were speeding to save.

So, as in a dream, the hours, the days, the nights, went by. We might have been traveling through the fairest scenery in the world, or through the most arid desert. I scarcely troubled to glance out of the carriage window. The world for me was inside.

It was after we left Paris—Paris, which to-day seemed almost wither and throw London—London, which I myself and I braced my energies to discuss finally with Philippa our proper plan of action. I felt that my right course would be to go straight to some solicitor, tell the tale, and ask him to put matters in train.

But I could not do this. Our secret was as yet our own. Moreover, through the misery of those hours, one ray of hope had broken upon me. If Philippa could be brought to yield to my guidance, to follow my instructions, it was not beyond the bounds of possibility that we might be saved, and saved with clean hands.

"Dearest," I whispered, "to-night we shall be in London." Her fingers tightened on mine. "And at Tottenham?" she said. "We shall be in time."

"In ample time. But, Philippa, listen—" "Basil, as you love me, not one word to tempt, to dissuade me!"

"Not one; but listen. Sweetest, if you will be guided by me, even now all may go well. This man—" "The poor man who is standing in my place?"

"Yes; listen. Heaven forbid that I should tempt you. Think; he is, no doubt, a man of a lowly and mean life. Philippa, I am very rich."

"I do not understand you," she said, pressing her hand to her brow. "Money will compensate for anything. Let him stand his trial. He is innocent, and I am very rich."

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But there was no help for it. If we meant to be in time we must go on by the early morning train. I begged my wife to lie down, and endeavor to snatch an hour's sleep. She refused firmly. Much of that calm which had characterized her since the moment when I broke the fatal news to her had vanished. Its place was now taken by an excitement, suppressed, but nevertheless continued on third floor.

"CALAMITY" Chalmers is comatose.

MAHONISM is dying hard in Virginia, but it is dying all the same.

The first section of the Panama canal will be opened in October.

THE Mahone papers are carrying on the campaign with italic letters.

BLOOD-thirsty warriors like Hoar and Sherman should be in the army.

"FREEDAMITE" is the new front name bestowed upon the white-souled Hoar.

FRANCE has lost 15,000 men and 1,000,000,000 francs in the Tonquin campaign.

BISMARCK was not so much afraid of "dole Spoonyards" as he was of "dot Koollera."

SENATOR COKE, of Texas, says "Prohibition is the mania of women who think babies a nuisance."

MR. ROSCOE CONKLING was one of the 565 saloon passengers who sailed by the Etruria from Liverpool, Saturday.

GOVERNOR LOWRY has appointed Mr. Ramsey Wharton as State Commissioner to the New Orleans Exposition.

A FRENCH family of nine members reside in a four-room tenement in Dover, Delaware, and take twelve boarders.

KENTUCKY's feud crop has not been scaled down by the drouth or rains, and the harvest of dead produced this year is as abundant as ever.

It is one of the singular caprices of fate that Jumbo should have been wrecked by a freight engine not big enough to contain his remains.

THE Boston Herald rebukes the Mississippi Republicans for assuming two months before an election that freedom to vote will not be granted.

A CLERGYMAN at Mount Desert is said to have recently closed his prayer by saying: "O Lord, now that our Summer visitors have departed wilt thou take their place in our hearts?"

THE Birmingham reporter who was shot by a woman "because he threw a cloud on her marital relations" will not be so careless with his clouds hereafter.

JUNBO was more widely known, and will be more deeply regretted than many a statesman who has ruled the destinies of a nation. Such is elephantine fame.

AS SOON as the Prussians got through Russian the Poles out of German, the Russian of the Poles out of Warsaw commenced. It is a clean case of O'Prussian all around.

PARSON NEWMAN says that "Grant's death cemented the Union of the North and South; his ghost shall haunt the man who would disturb that peace." The response comes from Ohio: "Who's afraid of ghosts?"

If the honest taxpayers will take the trouble to inform themselves as to who are Beck's leading supporters in the city and in the county, they will firmly resolve that he shall never again be the sheriff of this county.

THERE are hints, that some of the less important of the Democratic nominees are disposed to make terms with the Rads to secure their own election. We warn all such, that any treachery to the Democratic ticket, by any man on it will be followed by his prompt removal from it by the Democratic Executive Committee.

THE Jackson Clarion says "the ticket nominated by the Democrats of Warren county is worthy of success. It should be backed up by a little of the fire of 1874 and 1875." We think our people are determined on a thorough reform of our local affairs and fully understand the importance of electing all of the Democratic nominees.

CHALMERS has written an open letter to Governor Hoadly, of Ohio, in which he declares that not only negroes but whites, who oppose the Democratic party, are disfranchised in the South. If his letters have no more weight in Ohio than they do in Mississippi, he will not be able to do much towards convincing Ohio Democrats that the whites of the South ought to submit to negro rule.

## FACTS AND FIGURES.

There is a way for the citizens of

Vicksburg to regain the losses by the recent heavy rains. The way to do it, is to make more vigorous efforts for the trade which ought to come here. One of the best modes of doing that, is to have a splendid place of out-door amusements that will bring thousands of people here for days at a time, once or twice a year. Attractions of the sort are absolutely necessary to every city of any pretensions. In this State Aberdeen, Meridian, Greenville, and other places not nearly so able to offer fine attractions are entirely successful, while Vicksburg has up to this time been content to see the people give her the go-by. There is not a finer location in the Gulf States for outdoor sports than Vicksburg. It is in the center of a rich country and has ample river and railroad facilities to bring the crowds here.

Let us show the citizens the advantages that will follow a little enterprise in this direction. With the liberal co-operation of the citizens, without, in our opinion any risk of loss on the stock, the Fair Association will have a successful meeting for five days in November. It is safe to estimate that the drills, races, shoots, tournaments, and so forth, will bring to the city three thousand visitors daily, or say, fifteen thousand during the meeting. They will spend, on an average, ten dollars each, making one hundred and fifty thousand dollars for all of them. In addition to this, many of them will make business relations with our merchants, and all of them will, to a certain extent, advertise the city and its merchants.

All this can be secured by simply taking a few thousand dollars in stock, which it is exceedingly probable, will pay a handsome profit.

THE Daily Dallas News will issue October 1st. The press arrived yesterday. The building, a beautiful and commodious structure, was finished Tuesday and turned over to the owners. The News will start with a magnificent circulation. Its staff will embrace the most experienced journalists in the South specially chosen for their fitness for the departments to which they are assigned, and will be under the editorial management of Major Robert G. Lowe.

MR. A. M. GIBSON, who was for twelve years the Washington correspondent of the New York Sun, has written the history of the theft of the Presidency by the Radicals in 1876. The book is called, "A Political Crime," contains 400 pages and is written in Mr. Gibson's most forcible and interesting style. The book is published by Wm. S. Gottsberger, 11 Murray street, New York, and will be issued early in October.

FROM BOLTON.

BOLTON, Mrs., Sept. 17.—The game of base ball which was to have been played here to-day between the Mutuals of Jackson and Rouths of Vicksburg did not take place as per agreement, owing to the failure of the latter to put in an appearance. The Jackson boys came to the front in fine style, and are an elegant set of gentlemen. They were taken in charge on their arrival here and entertained handsomely by the citizens of the place. They showed their appreciation by turning out in the evening and playing our local nine for the edification of those present, which consisted of a majority of the ladies and gentlemen of our town. The original affair as intended was looked forward to with much interest and proved quite a disappointment to our citizens as well as those who were more directly interested.

FROM JACKSON.

Death of the Infant Daughter of Gen. G. Y. Freeman—Marriage of Mr. Sommerville to Miss Nugent.

JACKSON, Miss., Sept. 17.—Yates Freeman, infant daughter of Gen. G. Y. Freeman, died here to-day after a short illness.

Miss Millie Nugent, daughter of Col. W. L. Nugent, was married last night to Robert Sommerville, of Greenville, Dr. C. G. Andrews officiating. The wedding was private, only a few intimate friends of the family being present. The beautiful bride was handsomely dressed in white satin, with lace overdress, while the groom was attired in conventional black. A magnificent supper was spread in honor of the happy couple.

THE Cyclone in Texas.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 19.—The cyclone is now central in the west gulf. The signal service observer at Indianapolis reported at 12:20 p.m. yesterday: "No abatement of the storm and the same conditions of the weather as at last report. Expect the water is rising and covering the flats in the rear of the town. At the same rate it has risen the water will be fully in the main street of this city to-morrow morning."

## JEFFERSON DAVIS

At Last Breaks the Silence of Years

and Refutes the Slanders that Have Been Published Everywhere Throughout the Union in Regard to His Capture by the Union Troops in 1865.

BRAUNVOIR, Miss., Sept. 9, 1885.

To the Editor of the New York Herald:

On my return after a protracted absence from home I received a slip from your journal, which I inclose for greater convenience in noticing its contents:

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., Aug. 16.—At the recent reunion of the veterans of the Fourth Indiana Cavalry, in this city, Lieut. Isgrigg, of the command, who was proved marshal at Macon, Ga., at time of the capture of Jefferson Davis, related the circumstances of the capture. He described his participation in this affair as follows: "I went out to the line of my jurisdiction to receive Davis. Two miles and a half from Macon he became my prisoner, and I brought him to the city in an old farm wagon. It was a vehicle with a great deal of condemnation in the way of unsightliness. It had weaknesses all over it, but sufficient strength to hold Jefferson Davis, myself and his secretary. The rebel chief sat between us, and over his head, from a pole fixed to the seat, hung the hoop skirt, calico wrapper and an old straw hood which formed his disguise when captured."